

# Licking Valley Courier

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Published for the People Now on Earth and Printed for Them Every Thursday.

Always Cash in Advance.

VOLUME 12, NO. 10.

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1921.

WHOLE NUMBER 582.

## Report of the Condition of the COMMERCIAL BANK

Doing business at the town of West Liberty, County of Morgan, State of Kentucky, at the close of business on September 6, 1921.

### RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$291,110.50
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	2,536.34
Stocks, bonds and other securities	69,588.69
Due from banks	23,688.44
Cash on hand	11,341.77
Checks and other cash items	1,900.01
Banking houses, furniture and fixtures	4,500.00
Other real estate	4.48

Total.....\$395,670.53

### LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$30,000.00
Surplus fund	7,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,618.05
Deposits subject to check	228,006.82
Time deposits	101,220.40
Cashier's checks outstanding	7,825.26
Bills payable	337,052.48

Total.....\$395,670.53

State of Kentucky

County of Morgan, ss:

We, Floyd Arnett and C. K. Stacy, President and Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

FLOYD ARNETT, Cashier  
C. K. STACY, Cashier

Correct—Attest:

J. H. SEBASTIAN  
J. D. WHITEAKER  
L. Y. REDWINE,  
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of September, 1921.

EDGAR COCHRAN, Notary Public.

My Commission expires January 30, 1921.

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 29, 1921.

Editor Licking Valley Courier,

West Liberty, Ky.

Gentlemen:

Please change my address from 24 Elma St., Providence, Rhode Island, to 12 Charter Oak Place, Hartford, Conn.

I have accepted a position as teacher of higher accounting and principal of Morse Business College this city.

I have watched with interest the phenomenal growth of your paper, and hoping that it may continue to grow and advocate the things that tend to make a better community, I am,

Very cordially yours,

L. C. STEELE.

McAlester, Okla., Sept. 3, 1921.

Hovermale & Son,

West Liberty, Ky.

Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of statement showing a balance of \$1.71 and am pleased to hand you my check for same. I have been a subscriber to your paper from its beginning along about 1878 or 1880. At that time its name was "The Mountain Scorch" and edited by that gifted writer, J. T. Hazlett. I therefore have watched the pleasure its growth and improvement.

Yours very truly,

W. C. KENDALL.

Donnybrook, N. D., Sept. 1, 1921.

Mr. L. T. Hovermale,

West Liberty, Ky.

Dear Sir:

You will find enclosed check for \$1.65 to pay what I owe and one year's subscription for another year.

Yours truly,

W. A. KENNARD.

Frank Kennard, of Logville, was in town Monday.

## Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county for the year of 1920, I will sell at public outcry at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky. on MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1921, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, — acres of land the property of Claude Lewis, Blaze, Ky, nearest resident, R. L. Perry. Taxes, \$14.35, penalty and interest, \$2.28; cost, \$2.50, total, \$19.13.

C. P. HENRY, S. M. C.,  
By Noah HUGHES, D. S.

## Report of the condition of the HAZEL GREEN BANK

Doing business in the town of Hazel Green, County of Wolfe, State of Kentucky, at the close of business on 6th day of September, 1921.

### RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$214,893.72
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	487.37
Stocks, bonds and other securities	27,482.61
Cash on hand	4,630.87
Due from banks	2,888.77
Banking houses, furniture and fixtures	2,000.00

Total.....\$249,383.33

### LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$15,000.00
Surplus fund	8,500.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	355.22
Deposits subject to check	145,200.53
Time deposits	73,297.77
Cashier's checks outstanding	30.63
Notes and bills rediscounted	10,000.00

Total.....\$249,383.33

State of Kentucky

County of Morgan, ss:

We, E. F. Cecil and Dorsey C. Rose, President and Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

E. F. CECIL, President  
DORSEY C. ROSE, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, 1921.

A. C. PIERATT, Notary Public.

My commission expires January 28, 1924.



## DOMINANT WOMAN

"THERE'S much truth in the old saying that a bachelor is merely half a man," observed the professor. "I suppose you are trying to take a fall out of me because I don't get married," said the low-browed man. "It may be true that a bachelor is only a half a man, but when he accumulates a wife, he's usually only a quarter of a man, or maybe one-eighth. The more I see of married men, the more thankful I am that I have never loomed up at the altar with an orange wreath on my head."



"Old Doolittle has been married a long time, and he's got so used to being bossed by his wife that he doesn't know what to do when she isn't around. If you offered to lend him \$5 he'd say he'd have to consult Eliza Jane about it. One time, when his wife was away, visiting, he ate about a peck of green cucumbers, and the colic shut him up like a folding bed. It was the worst case I ever saw. I heard him yelling for the police, and when I rushed over there and saw him on the floor, with his feet clasped across the back of his neck, I phoned for a doctor at once. We put him to bed, and the agony that man endured was sickening. And as he rolled around there, expecting to go off the books every minute, he kept saying, 'What will Eliza Jane say when she hears I called in a doctor?'"

"After his wife came back, I was over at their house one night, and she roared me to a crisp for sending for a doctor. She said that if I had the first instincts of a gentleman I'd pay the bill, for I wasn't authorized to call in a sawbones, and she didn't want one in the house. Doolittle sat there and heard his wife roasting me until my whiskers curled and, although he knew the doctor saved his life, he never said a word."

"After I left the house, he sneaked out and overtook me, and told me he was sorry for what had happened, but experience had taught him that it's no use to butt in when his wife has the floor."

"Gooseworthy came over this morning while I was feeding the cows, and told me a tale of woe. His wife has about five hundred female relations, aunts and sisters and cousins and such people, and she keeps the house full of them all the time. He has to sleep on a sanitary couch in the hall, while his own feather bed is occupied by an aunt who weighs about 400 pounds. He has a comfortable rocking chair he bought for his own private use, and now he never gets a wink at it. His wife's step-sister, who brought her tortoise-shell cat along, is always using it. He said he was getting plumb disgusted with such a condition of affairs, but he didn't know what to do."

"I asked him why he didn't read the authorized version of the riot act to his wife, and tell her to ship all those relatives out of the house. He seemed shocked at the suggestion. 'You don't know what you're talking about,' he said. 'You've never been married!'"

"The queer thing about it is that Gooseworthy is a great stickler for his rights when he's away from home. He's as sassy as a bobcat, and will fight at the drop of the hat if anybody tries to impose on him. He walks with his head back and his chest out in front of him, but as soon as he reaches his own front gate he begins to look so blameworthy that the neighbors pity him."

"Then, there's old Major Sendoff, who distinguished himself on many a crimson battlefield. He has courage enough for three regiments. But he married the Widow Bunkum a couple of years ago and she makes him do the family washing, and hang the clothes on the line, and I suppose he does the ironing, too. I could tell you of a hundred such cases."

"I suppose you could," sighed the professor, "but I don't care for sensational fiction."

## Russia.

The Russian empire, prior to the world war, comprised 3,764,586 square miles. Geographers divide this territory, one-sixth of the world, into four parts. Russia in Europe (including Poland and Finland), the Caucasus, Siberia, Russian Central Asia. Russia in Europe has an area of 1,911,632 square miles.

## French Presidents.

Of the presidents of France, M. Poincare was only the fifth to stay the full term. Thiers, the first, held office for only three years, as did MacMahon. Faure died at the end of his fourth year, and Casimir Perier resigned after one year.

## His Status.

"What do you know about the high cost of living?"  
"Nothing. I'm merely existing!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Agrees with "Gumption."

Mr. L. T. Hovermale,

West Liberty, Ky.

My Dear Sir:

Your "Gumption" in last week's Courier entitled "Out of Politics," referring to the amendment to be submitted this fall with the idea of taking the office of State Superintendent out of politics, deserves special mention, in so far as the non-partisan argument goes, at least. Take the amendment, at its face value and it "listens good." But dive a little further and you can easily detect the "nigger in the wood pile." Just reflect, please, over the supposedly non-partisan judiciary bill and see if you can discover any evidence where it has taken the Circuit Judgeship out of politics, nor can it be done under the present bill. So, it would seem to me that in order to make an office really non-partisan would be to cut out the primary altogether and let all persons who are qualified to become candidates for that office line up under the same device (or no device) to be voted for at the regular November election. Then the voters could lay down their partisan weapons and vote for the man.

This idea of making an office an apolitical one only changes its politics to the politics of the appointive board. And we certainly have a few too many committees and commissions as it is. And you well know I am a Democrat, but I am broad enough to give Hon. George Colvin credit for making an excellent school officer. And to name the office appointive would make his chances of being appointed under a Democratic administration just as good as those of a good Democrat under a Republican administration. There are, of course, good, level-headed men in both parties who are broad enough to see the man above the dirty line of politics, but the leaders attend to it that they are not on the appointive boards. It would be better to try to elect non-partisan men than to leave it up to the Governor and his pet committee to roll the logs with the office.

Success to the Courier.  
Your friend,  
W. S. POOTTS.

Turner-Elam.

Mr. John W. Turner and Miss Myrtle Elam were married at Index Thursday, Sept. 15, Rev. H. G. Howard officiating.

The groom is the son of Sam Turner of this town and is a young man of industrious habits and scholarly character. He is one of the owners of a bus line from here to Index and gives promise of making a successful business man.

The bride is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mart Elam and is a young woman of rare attainments and lovable disposition.

The Courier joins with their host of friends in wishing them a long and happy life.

War Hero Returned for Interment.

The remains of Thurston McGuire, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cox McGuire, who was killed in battle in France during the war, was returned for burial Monday, and were taken to South Fork cemetery for interment Tuesday.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the burial and a number of the ex-service men in uniform accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

Married in Cincinnati.

W. K. Day, of Eminence, and Miss Mae Florence, of Cincinnati, were married in Cincinnati on day last week. Mr. Day is a former Morgan county boy and a brother of Mrs. A. P. Gullett, of our town. The wedding was a surprise to the family.

Last week we omitted to mention the fact that Eld and Mrs. A. O. Allison were visiting at Mr. A. N. C. for some weeks. Mrs. Allison is in poor health and it is hoped that the change of climate will be beneficial to her. Two people more devoted to the Master's cause never lived in West Liberty and the people here regret to have them away even for a short time.

Floyd Arnett left Monday morning for Cincinnati to have his eyes treated. He has been suffering for weeks with granulated lids and went to a specialist for treatment. T. H. Caskey took him to Mt. Sterling early Monday morning to get the early train for Cincinnati.

Dr. C. C. Burton reports the following births:

To the wife of Wm. M. Blevins of Malone, Sept. 20, a boy—William Freeman.

To the wife of Kelly Meadows, of Index, Sept. 15, a boy.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Sebastian, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Oney and T. H. Caskey attended the State Fair at Louisville last week. Mrs. Sebastian took little Wilmore Kendall, Jr., and placed him in the Masonic Home at Louisville.

Mrs. S. J. Day and little grandson, William Randolph Day, of Eminence, who have been visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. A. P. Gullett, for the last two weeks, are visiting her sister Mrs. J. B. Rose, at Mize, this week.

Ed C. Williams, of Dugans, has accepted a position as traveling salesman for Caudill, Blair & Co., of Morehead, and will move to West Liberty. Ed is a hustler and will doubtless make good in his new venture.

Winifred Sparks has accepted a position as teacher in the Canal City High School. Mr. Dolphin Gilliam resigned the position to enter the ministry and Winifred was elected to succeed him.

The last ball game between the West Liberty team and the Lenox team at Lenox Saturday afternoon resulted in a victory for Lenox by a score of 9 to 6.

Good Farm for Sale.

Good farm, two miles from West Liberty, 164 acres, two good dwelling houses, orchard, about 6 acres bottom land, hill land lays well. Will sell at a bargain if disposed of at once.

L. T. HOVERMALE.

## Arnett-Blair.

Mr. Oliver B. Arnett and Miss Bessie L. Blair were married Tuesday morning, Sept. 20, at 6 o'clock at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. H. G. Howard, pastor of the M. E. church, officiating.

The wedding was a private affair the immediate families of the contracting parties and a few close friends being present.

The groom is a son of Senator Chas. D. Arnett and is one of West Liberty's most promising young men. A man of high character and industrious habits and is very popular among the young people here. He is a young man of fine business attainments and has held many positions of trust and honor. At present he is employed by the Kentucky Racing Commission at a good salary.

The bride is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Judge and Mrs. W. G. Blair and is one of the social favorites in West Liberty. She is a young lady of lovable character and a sunny disposition and highly esteemed by all who know her.

The young couple left immediately after the ceremony for Cincinnati, Washington and other points east, and will be at home after the 30th.

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## Report of the condition of the MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

At Canal City in the State of Kentucky, at the close of business on September 6, 1921.

### RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, including rediscounts	\$244,887.85
Overdrafts, unsecured	2,617.54
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited or secure circulation (U. S. Bonds par value)	127,000.00
All other United States Government (Securities)	52,100.00
Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc.	1,500.00
Furniture and fixtures	500.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Bank	23,882.41
Cash in vaults and amount due from national banks	35,733.36
Total of items 3, 10, 11, 12, and 13	357,733.36
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from same	12,500.00

Total.....\$387,871.16

### LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits, interest and taxes paid	8,307.76
Less current expenses	2,422.92
Circulating notes outstanding	2,000.00
Amount due from National banks	63.41
Certified checks outstanding	2.24
Individual deposits subject to check	212,553.75
Certificates of deposit due in less than thirty days other than borrowed money	94,303.92

Total.....\$387,871.16

State of Kentucky,

County of Morgan, ss:

I, Custer Jones, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CUSTER JONES, Cashier.

Correct—Attest:

M. L. CONLEY,  
DOHA WHITEAKER,  
ANNA A. CONLEY,  
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of September, 1921.

HUGH MINOR, Notary Public.

H. M. Cox, U. S. Marshal, of Covington, was in town Saturday and Sunday after a few days visit with his son, H. C. at Lenox. He went to Jackson to attend the term of Federal court.

Mrs. H. C. Swango and daughters, Miss Evelyn and Stella, and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sherer, returned Saturday from a visit with friends at New Carlisle and Dayton, Ohio.

Henry Maddox, a former Morgan county man but now of Hollister, Okla., is visiting old acquaintances in the town and county. He left here fourteen years ago.

Mrs. Nannie M. Flower, of Corbin, Ill., arrived Saturday for a few weeks visit with her brother, Henry Cole and her sister, Mrs. R. A. Baldwin.

Mrs. C. F. Garringer, of Neola, who has been visiting her brother, W. H. Marker, for a few weeks, left to visit her brother at Lee City Wednesday.

Mrs. D. R. Keeton, who has been visiting in Salersville for several days, went from there to visit with friends at Lexington.

C. M. Sherer repairs automobiles and all kind of machinery. First-class work and satisfaction guaranteed. Look for his ad next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Curran Nickell and family, Willie Lewis and family and Chas. W. Henry, of Pump attended the State Fair at Louisville last week.

M. S. Crain and Ely Kash, of Jackson, were in town Saturday and attended the Annual Meeting at Lacy Creek Sunday.

Miss Clara Carpenter, who has been dangerously ill with typhoid, is improving and is thought to be out of danger.

Mrs. Hazel Cox, of Butler, Mo., is visiting her uncle, Senator Chas. D. Arnett, and other relatives in the county.

Mrs. P. H. Arnett, Neola, is visiting her sons, Chas. D. and Floyd Arnett this week.

D. G. Lacy, deputy sheriff, of Caney, was in town on business Monday.

Esq. E. W. Day, of Grassy Creek, was in town on business Monday.

E. D. Hamilton, of Malone, was a business visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Franklin returned Saturday from a visit to relatives in Magoffin county.

## MAYTOWN

Miss Fern Elam spent the week end at Frenchburg. Harrison Little, who was shot some time ago and was thought to be getting along nicely, became very much worse this week and is now at the hospital.

Maytown may soon boast of two stores as Bro. Pickensinger is having a new building erected on his lot, and will soon have a line of goods on hand. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Murphy left Saturday for Ohio where they will visit the latter's mother, Mrs. Bishop, and sister, Mrs. D. Nickell.

Breck Arnett, who left for Middletown, Ohio, a few days ago, is now at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cortle are visiting relatives and attending the Annual meeting at Lacy Creek.

Roy Rowland and family are attending the annual meeting.

A tenant house on J. B. Murphy's farm, occupied by Durio Sexton, was burned down while the family was away. Nothing was saved.

The fire is thought to have been of incendiary origin.

A bollness revival was held this week at the Grassy school house by Re



## LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year, - - - Always in advance.

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Courier Publishing Company.....Owners  
 HOVERMALE & SON.....Publishers  
 L. T. HOVERMALE.....Editor and Manager  
 A. YOUNG HOVERMALE.....Local News Editor.

Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers, 7½ cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc. 1 cent a word.

Foreign Advertising Representative.—The American Press Association.

This is the year that all Democrats should vote the straight ticket.

The writer who escapes criticism is not a writer. He is just a scribbler.

A girl's frame of mind is not half as important as the frame that holds her mirror.

Very few men believe in gossip, but did you ever hear of one who failed to listen.

All people who act that way are not crazy. It is just the modern way of appearing smart.

We note, in passing, that there is less kissing among women than there was few years ago. But perhaps the men have no cause for complaint.

We know of one merchant who is so obsessed with the idea of buying at home that he sends away to get his printing done because he can get it just a little bit cheaper.

In last week's issue we erred in the editorial concerning the candidacy of Grant Lewis for member of the board of education. We gave his residence as Pomp when he lives at Blaze.

The question of cleaner money does not interest us to any great extent. What we want to know is when we will get more of it. We'll take the unlaundried bills, german d all.

## PREJUDGING THE COUNTRY PRESS

The Louisville Times suggests that the reason why most of the State papers are opposing the adoption of amendment No. 1 is that they do not want George Colvin appointed.

The Times should consider that out in the rural districts we have been experiencing the effects of the board business. Aside from the repugnance of the principle of centralized power we have the proof before us that the board management of the school affairs is not as satisfactory as the old way. It may be that the people do not know what is good for them and that they are not capable of choosing good officers, but if they don't pay the freight and it is their look out.

Non-partisan boards don't exist and bipartisan boards are dominated by the majority, and it don't get you anywhere. The Courier is of the opinion that the amendment allowing the Superintendent to be appointed by a board selected by the Governor ought to be defeated. The principle of the thing is undemocratic.

## WHY YOUR HOME TOWN?

Do you ever stop to consider why West Liberty is your home town? There must be a reason why every citizen makes this town his home. Doubtless every citizen has some reason that his neighbor has not in addition to the common reasons why we make this our home town. But there ought to be some compelling reasons why this is your home town.

If it is because you can make money here that you claim this as your home town your reason is a sordid one, not that everyone shouldn't prosper in his business for he should, but there ought to be reasons founded upon higher motives.

Conceding that the major reason why you live here is that the social and educational and moral atmosphere is better, let's see what we are doing to make the town better. Think it over to yourself and ask what you are doing in this way for the betterment of the town.

Of course we all agree on that point, but there is a financial attitude that we do not agree upon. We all agree that we ought to support the churches, schools and all good endeavors, but we do not all agree that we should join together in giving the town advantages that will attract others here. We don't agree on this point because we don't work in unity to build up the town. It is hard to get two citizens to join in any move for the betterment of the town or to start a new enterprise. We could have an ice plant, electric lights, a cannery factory and many other things if we would get together and work in harmony as business men. When we get so that we are not afraid to go into a venture because we fear that someone else will make a few dollars from it we will have reached that point where we can begin to make the town a better place to live.

Stop a moment and think over the question of why this is your home town, and again, what are you doing to make it a town the home-owners may be proud of.

## "OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME" WHEN IN TOWN

Come and see us and make yourself at home. Modern, Up-to-Date Buildings.

RATES REASONABLE

### Commercial Inn

T. H. CASKEY, Prop.



## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Whitburn Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he is called by the townsfolk, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease and incidentally a life of dissipation, at the altar, determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountain girl, "Babe" Black, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home, takes him to John Moreland's home, takes him to John Moreland's home.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Babe" to leave the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the Morelands had hidden and line up for battle. "Babe," in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by his father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe" to the city. Doctors assure them that he is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLaurin, who had married Patricia Clavering. Telling his father of David Moreland's coal, the old gentleman's actions convince his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that "Babe" is to stay with Mrs. McLaurin to be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered aid and to develop the mine, interests Newton Wheatley, capitalist, who agrees to furnish the money. Dale realizes he loves "Babe."

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to the Halfway Switch, Dale meets Major Bradley, lawyer, and real friend of the mountaineers, whom he engages as counsel for the company. A man named Goff, of evil repute, tries to bribe Dale to betray the Morelands by selling him the coal deposits, and telling them they are of little value. Dale attempts to threaten him, but Goff draws a revolver. Dale is unarmed.

CHAPTER IX.—Goff enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Bails and Torreses, to make trouble for Dale's company. The Littlefords and Morelands agree to forget the old feud and dwell in harmony.

## CHAPTER X

The Barbarian Princess Goes Home.

Miss Elizabeth Littleford beheld an interesting sight when she alighted from a northbound afternoon train at the Halfway Switch. Just below the long siding a shorter siding had been put in—the railway company had been hastened, no doubt, by the great influence of old Newton Wheatley—and from it had been unloaded a small geared locomotive, a dozen or so of little coal cars opening at the bottom, and miles of light steel rails with kegs of spikes for them.

Out toward her home a crew of men worked like bees at the building of a trestle of round timbers that had been cut from the nearby woods; she at once recognized these men as Morelands and Littlefords, and she knew it meant peace! They didn't recognize her, because of the distance and the clothing she wore, and because they were too busy to pay any particular attention to her.

Farther out toward Doe river another crew of men was at work clearing the way for the little narrow-gauge. She heard the sounds of the ax and the saw, the hammer and the steel, and once there came to her ears the great dull roar of exploding dynamite as a cliff was blown clear of its foundations.

Miss Elizabeth Littleford smiled happily. And she had not been happy for a long time, Patricia McLaurin, with whom she had been staying, had been kindness itself, but the mother of Bill Dale, her Bill Dale, had snubbed her—and besides the longing for the old home hills was riotous in her blood. So she had come back, run away at less than a moment's notice—as had Bill Dale before her, and how good it seemed to be at home! She would have gone to see the men, had it not been that she feared she would be a bother.

There was another interesting sight when she had reached the crest of David Moreland's mountain. In the upper end of the broad valley, midway between the "settlement" and the opening of the Moreland coal vein, two large buildings were well along in their course of construction.

She put down her bundle of clothing, shaded her eyes with her hand, and tried to find Bill Dale among the builders. But the distance was too great; a man down there was but a mere speck. . . . Before she went on she removed her shoes and stockings. It was hard for Babe Littleford to become accustomed to wearing useless shoes and stockings in warm weather!

When she had reached the foot of the mountain, she didn't take the by-path her people had been wont to use in order that they might avoid contact with the Morelands. There was no need of avoiding contact with the Morelands now, thank goodness!

Then a voice hailed her from the laurels out at her right, the voice she loved better than any other—

"Hello, Miss Littleford!"

Babe stopped and faced him, and she blushed furiously when she saw him. He was coming rapidly toward her with his hat in his hand, and his brown hair was rumpled, and damp

with perspiration. She saw that he was in boots and corduroys, the clothing of a timber-jack, and he looked bigger in them; about his waist there was a cartridge-belt, from which hung a big and dependable looking revolver in a leather holster.

"Hello, Mister Dale!" she mimicked. He shook his head, then he dropped to a moss-covered log that lay beside the narrow trail.

"Sit down here beside me," he said; and he added: "I've been going hard all day, and I'm pretty tired."

She let fall her bundle and her shoes and stockings, and obeyed.

"Why did you come back, Babe?" he asked as though he were displeased. "Cause," she answered—and she corrected herself quickly, "I mean because."

"No reason whatever," smiled Dale. "Well," and her clear brown eyes looked at him squarely, "I come back because your mother said I would be a burden to Miss McLaurin, that's why."

"Mrs. McLaurin," said Dale; "not Miss McLaurin."

"A burden to Mrs. McLaurin, and I ain't a-goin' to be a burden to nobody!" vehemently. In a softer voice, she went on, "Mrs. McLaurin and her husband and her folks has done made up friendly, Bill Dale. Mrs. McLaurin's pap—I mean her father—he brings 'em a big lot o' silver things."

"Bill Dale, I had a big time! Everybody liked me but your own nax—I mean your mother. My goodness gracious—they dress awful fine, don't they? Why, silk ain't nothin'. But whar all o' their money comes from, I shore can't see. Say, I showed some o' Pat's friends how to dance our old hill dances, and the whole town was crazy about 'em when I left. Jimmy Fayne is awful good-lookin' and rich, ain't he, Bill? He liked me better'n any o' 'em, 'less it was Pat herself. You know Jimmy, don't ye, Bill?"

Dale nodded, frowned, and turned his sober gaze toward the toes of his high laced boots. Yes, he knew Jimmy Fayne, and he held him in contempt. The pampered son of a wealthy cotton speculator, weak, devoted to high nights, remarkably handsome to romantic and unsophisticated girls but not to men and women who had cut their wisdom-teeth—that was Jimmy Fayne.

Babe Littleford was speaking again: "I cided to come back here, Bill Dale, because I thought they might need me here as well as because I was afraid I would be a burden to Pat—I mean afraid I would be a burden to Pat. Seems like I can't talk proper at all! I've tried and tried, I've spent half o' my time jest a-tryin' to talk proper. Pat, she'd put down words I musn't say on a sheet o' paper, and I'd study 'em. Afeard, shore, pap, 'cause, ain't, hain't—and all o' them. And she'd put down the right words with 'em so's I'd know."

"Your mother was the last to come to see me, Bill. 'So this,' she says to Pat, 'is the barbarian princess?' I didn't know what that meant, but I 'spect it's somethin' bad. I went into the house, because I didn't want to say anything, and her yore own mother. But I listened, and I heard her say the rest, and this is it: 'What will you do when the in-innovation wears off, Patricia?' she says. 'She'll be a burden to you, Patricia; you'll have a half-savage person tagging after you, like a lady bear!'"

"That's what it was she said, Bill Dale. . . . I'm shore they do need me here, and I ax ye this, Bill Dale: Are you sorry to see me come back?"

"Perhaps they do need you," Dale slowly stripped the tiny leaves from a fern. "But that is not sufficient reason to warrant your staying here. Of course, I'm not sorry to see you, Babe. But you must go back to Patricia very soon. If you had been a burden to Patricia, she would have told you."

Babe put out a foot and idly rolled an acorn across the path with one bare big toe.

"But I—I don't think I want to go back," she protested. "I'd rather stay here, a heap rather."

"But you must go back," declared Dale. "You really must."

Ben Littleford's daughter was silent. For a moment she absently watched the playful antics of a little boomer squirrel on the side of a nearby hickory. Then she arose.

"Look," she urged—it was one of the charming wiles of her—"Look at my new dress. Me and Pat made it, every stitch of it. Don't you think it's nice?"

"Sure, it's nice," Dale agreed. "But any dress looks nice on you, Babe. If only you'd stick with Mrs. McLaurin and let her educate you! You shouldn't have cared anything about what my mother said; my mother doesn't always see things in the true light. You'll go back, won't you?"

She bent toward him and asked pointedly: "Bill Dale, what makes you so anxious for me to go?"

"Because," readily, "I want you to have an education."

"What makes you want me to have an education, Bill Dale?"

"Because you'd be such a splendid woman, if you had an education."

Babe Littleford pursued with childlike earnestness: "And what makes you want me to be such a splendid woman?"

Dale lifted his gray eyes and an-



"Look," she urged—it was one of the charming wiles of her—"Look at My New Dress."

swered her frankly: "Because I expect to marry you some day."

Babe Littleford blushed deeply. Her eyes were glad, filled with rejoicing. If he didn't love her now, at least just a weeny-teeny bit, he wouldn't be thinking of marrying her some day, certainly, and this conclusion made her happier than she had ever been in all her life before. She wished wildly that she could hug him with all her might—and she had a big notion to do it. But what would he think of her? Well, there would come a day when she would surely hug him with all her might. She would simply break his blessed bones, almost.

"Will you go to Patricia tomorrow?" he asked.

She really believed that she ought to go. But the thought of leaving him was more hateful than ever, now that she knew he meant to marry her. She strove to change the subject—

"See that little, teeny flower over there—that little, teeny, blue one?" she asked, pointing. "That's a day-dewer. It's the purest blue of any. They call it a day-dewer because it don't last but jest one single day."

And again, pointing: "See that little, teeny, purple flower over there at them twisted laurels? That's called Job's tears, and they don't last but one day, neither. That little red, spidery thing is bee balm. Over yander at the hick'ry is monkshood. I farned the names out o' a book Major Bradley loan't me. Hadn't we better be a-goin' toward home? It—it'll be a-comin' dark purty soon, won't it?"

Said Dale, "Will you go back to Patricia tomorrow?"

"I—I've been a-wonderin'," murmured Babe. "Which is proper, Bill, bust or burst?"

Dale spoke quickly. "Burst for you, bust for me. Will you go back to Patricia?"

Beaten, Babe Littleford drew a long breath and smiled.

"Yes, Mister Dale," she answered resignedly. "I will. I'll go whar-ever you want me to go, ef—if it's to Torment. Now tell me how it comes that I find my people and their nemes as thick as m'lasses in a jug, while we walk on."

When Dale returned to John Moreland's cabin from having seen Babe Littleford safely to her father's door, he found Major Bradley and By Heck waiting at the gate. Heck had some important, bad news, he said.

"Better not tell me about it until after supper," replied Dale. "I'm as hungry as you ever were, By."

They went in to sit down to one of the best meals Dale Moreland had ever prepared. When they had finished eating, John Moreland led the way into the best room, where they took chairs. The major produced cigars. By Heck, swollen with a feeling of greatness, lighted the wrong end of his weed, faced Dale, and began to burble his mind of its weight of information.

"Well, Bill, old boy," he began—and then stopped to wonder why his cigar wouldn't smoke as well as the major's. "Well, Bill, old boy," he went on, finally. "Henderson Goff, he's shore beer as busy as a one-armed man in a bum blebe's nest. I can't see, I god, what's wrong with this here seegary. He's went and brung about twenty-five Torreses from two places knowed as Jerus'lem cove and Hatten's hell, to help work his mine when he gits it. They're all a-puttin' up with them Bails. The Torreses is part Injun, Cherokee Injun, and I've heered it said 'at they was as bad or wuss'n rattlesnake broth."

Major Bradley blew a little cloud of smoke upward. "More of the game of bluff, perhaps," he suggested.

"I'm inclined to think so," thoughtfully said Dale. "Well, we'll avoid trouble as long as we decently can; and when we can no longer get around it, we'll call in as much of the law as we can get, and meet it half-way, eh, Hayes?"

"Sure," nodded the mining expert. Dale was on his way to the new siding the following morning, when he met Henderson Goff. Amlin Dale was forcibly reminded of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. Goff stepped out of the trail, smiled and spoke with apparent good humor. Dale passed him without a word.

Then the shyest coal man called out, "Ready to sell yet?"

The Moreland Coal company's manager halted and faced about with a puckering of his brows.

"For a fair price, yes."

"Just what would you call a fair price?"

"Oh, somewhere between two and three hundred thousand," promptly.

Goff sniffed, and the corners of his mouth came down.

"You don't want much. You won't (Continued on page three.)"

## Morgan County National Bank

OF CANNEL CITY, KY.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$ 50,000.00  
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YOUR BUSINESS CORDIALLY SOLICITED  
 "HONOR ROLL BANK"

WE PAY 4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS

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If you have Money we want it

If you want Money we have it

## HAZEL GREEN BANK

HAZEL GREEN, KY

## New Chevrolet Prices

Effective July 7, 1921

F. B. Touring Car \$ 975

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MEETS ALL O. & K. TRAINS

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Look for the Sign of the Big White Watch.

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SEND US THAT \$1.50.



## GUMPTION

Our Motto: One country, one flag, one wife at a time.  
Our Aim: To tell the truth though the heavens fall.  
Our Hope: To cure cussedness or kill the cusses.  
By L. T. Hovermale.



### THIRTY PAGES OF ASQUINT.

Although I did it without effort on my part I am going to claim the honor of discovering Asquint. The Gamaliel of modern literature. Again he honors me with a 30 page epistle, this time a personal letter of 30 pages. And the pity of it is that this miracle of modern thought prefers to remain incog. I refused to publish his anonymous article of some weeks ago and he is peeved. Very much peeved. He takes it to heart and accuses me of denying the readers of the Courier the delectable pleasure of reading his brilliant effusion and inflicting them with my poor writings. Ordinarily such communications go into one of the several big banana crates we use for waste baskets, but this one is so unique and so quaintly egotistical that I can not forbear having some fun with Asquint—which he ardently desires I suppose. I can imagine him gathering the bunch whom he has taken into his confidence and saying: "See, I drew his fire. He has noticed me." Being extremely good natured I am willing to tickle his vanity by noticing him. Only I hope he won't write again. Life is too short and too full of the things worth while to waste upon the vapors of those who wish to say mean things about others without assuming the responsibility.

It is always amusing to put a severe case of exalted ego under the microscope and examine the specimen. Speaking of certain reforms Asquint says: "It requires brains to write upon such topics. You are not broad enough; why, EVEN I would approach such subjects with timidity." Hear! Hear! "Why, man, he doth bestir the narrow world like a Colossus, and we petty men walk under his hugh legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves." What a pity that such a paragon of wisdom, such a mar-

vel of intellect and such a model of piety and propriety will hide behind a non de plume! Yet, doubtless this spotless soul has withdrawn himself from the habitat of common man and holds himself aloft from the contaminating influence of the common herd. Think of what the world is missing by being denied the benefit of his sage counsel and his immaculate example. Doubtless all of Camel City (for that is where the manuscript was mailed) is weeping, like Niobe for her lost children, for the ennobling contact with and for the dazzling light of Asquint's spotless soul.

But space in the Courier is worth 25 cents per inch, and we get it, even if Asquint does deplore the demoralizing effect of the picture of the Owensboro wagon. Even for my own amusement I must not squander valuable space I must be brief. To summarize—but in less than six pages—I will say that Asquint sent in an anonymous article criticising and attacking a nominee of the Democratic party and others not nominees and wanted it published. Every one who reads the Courier is familiar with its policies and knows that all matter that is published either for or "forinst" any candidate is advertising and must be paid for. And advertising if paid for must be of an acceptable nature, and where it makes a charge against any person the one making the charge must assume the responsibility for the truth of the charge. The publication of that article without substantiation would have subjected the Courier to prosecution for libel.

Asquint in his letter, says: "Just what your weakness is I do not know." Have I just one weakness? Anyway it depends upon the angle at which you view the matter. I suspect, however that according to Asquint, my chiefest weakness is the fixed habit I have of regularly supporting Democratic nominees. He is peeved because I rejected an unsigned manuscript attacking the Democratic nominees and others. The wildest lunatic in the Lexington asylum would know better than to expect such a thing. It is the universal rule of all newspapers to reject all unsigned manuscripts, even legitimate news articles. Possibly I am lacking in many things that man should have but I am not lacking in courage to daddy any article I wish to write.

(Established 1885 by N. H. Witherspoon.)

## WINCHESTER BANK

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Capital ..... \$100,000.00  
Surplus and Profits ..... \$225,000.00  
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ADDISON T. WHITT, ..... President  
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3 per cent Interest On Time Deposits.

We want your bank account, and promise you prompt and efficient service. Liberal accommodations granted in line with safety.

## Ohio & Kentucky Railway

EFFECTIVE:

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920

SOUTH BOUND					NORTH BOUND				
Daily	Daily	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Only	Daily	Daily	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Only
1:35	7:00	.....	Licking River.....	6:50	1:20	1:20	.....	.....	.....
1:35	7:11	.....	Index.....	6:40	1:10	1:10	.....	.....	.....
1:51	7:19	.....	Malone.....	6:32	1:02	1:02	.....	.....	.....
1:55	7:23	.....	Wells.....	6:28	12:58	12:58	.....	.....	.....
2:10	7:35	.....	Causey.....	6:15	12:45	12:45	.....	.....	.....
2:15	7:40	.....	Camel City.....	6:10	12:20	12:20	.....	.....	6:10
2:35	8:00	.....	Heleehawa.....	.....	12:03	.....	.....	.....	5:54
2:41	8:06	.....	Lee City.....	.....	11:57	.....	.....	.....	5:48
3:09	8:34	.....	Willhurst.....	.....	11:29	.....	.....	.....	5:20
3:15	8:40	.....	Vandevle.....	.....	11:23	.....	.....	.....	5:14
3:35	9:00	.....	O. & K. Junction.....	.....	11:00	.....	.....	.....	4:50
P. M. Lv. A. M. Lv.					A. W. Ar. P. M. Ar. P. M. Ar. P. M. Ar.				

Note that North-bound train No. 14 is Sunday only; Nos. 16 and 18 Daily except Sunday; No. 20 Daily. South-bound No. 17 is Daily except Sunday and No. 19 Daily.

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All styles of stones and monuments at lowest prices  
For designs and prices see

W. P. HALSEY.  
Demund, Ky.

The Courier is a Democratic newspaper. No Republican expects it to be otherwise. Yet hundreds of Republicans are loyal friends to the paper and good patrons of our business. A Republican can get political diverting in its columns at the same rate the Democrats do and be treated with exactly the same courtesy. Yet even the most partisan Republican would not ask or expect me to publish an anonymous communication, gratis, attacking the nominees of the Democratic party. A newspaper, like an individual, must have character. As a Democratic newspaper the Courier supports all Democratic nominees. I voted very few of the men for whom I voted in the primary, but when I participated in the primary I gave a solemn pledge that I would abide by the will of the majority of the party, and I do not consider that a solemn pledge is to be lightly held or repudiated. Every man who participated in the Democratic primary gave his pledge that he would abide by the choice of the majority of the party. He did not say so in words at the time, but the tacit pledge was given at the time he accepted his ballot and went to the booth to vote. It is said that two of the prospective candidates for the board of education agreed to leave their candidacy to three persons one chosen by each of them and the third chosen by the two chosen by them. It is said that one of the candidates said that he would abide by their decision if they decided in his favor, but not otherwise. Some men go into the primary pledging themselves that they will support the nominees if their men are nominated, but otherwise they will not.

I believe that a pledge given in an election is as sacred as any other pledge, and when I go into the primary I go in with the determination to support the other fellow if my choice is not successful. If this were the rule there would be no use of primaries. Our government is founded upon the principle of majority rule, and unless a person is willing to bow to the will of the majority he is at variance with the theory of his government. If either Democrat or a Republican does not want to abide by the result of the primaries he ought to stay out of them. When he participates in them he pledges himself to support the nominees, and if he can't do that he ought to stay out.

In supporting the nominees, however the Courier recognizes the rights of the candidates of the Republicans. They are entitled to the respect of their opponents. Personally, all the Republican candidates are my friends. In trying to defeat them the Courier will openly and fairly and courteously plead the Democratic cause and not seek to revile the other fellows. The difference is in what we believe. I am against the principles of government which they advocate, and the difference of the two parties are such that it must be a struggle till one or the other is proven right by popular will. The editorial part of the Courier is mine. It is not for sale at any price. My opinions on all questions are my own and are not controlled by any one, not even to the party to which I belong. But advertising space is a commodity and for sale to all who feel that they will be benefited by it.

But I am digressing. Asquint, in his letter, seems to derive great pleasure in telling me that "Gumption"

is just about the worst kind of reading that ever polluted his pure thing-tank. He may be right. I don't know. I never read it. But there are hundreds of readers of the Courier who tell me that they like it, and even some of the benighted editors of some high brow publications have found some of the things worth copying in their periodicals, but that was before Asquint established his highbrow censorship. Magazine editors aer not judges of what is gooding reading for the public however.

I don't know who is the author of the article submitted nor of the letter received a few days ago, nor do I care a tinker's dam (that isn't cussin') whether he thinks I am capable of editing a newspaper or whether he thinks the paper worth reading. Nor do I care for the personal abuse in the letter. It is not the character to anger me. But think of a fellow hiding behind a non de plume, unknown to me, sending in an article in the interest of the opposite party and then feeling abused because it was not published. "Taking advantage of me," he wails. Don't that remove the dilapidated linen from off the shrubbery! But I should not indulge in slang. I should have said, "Don't that take the rag off the bush."

Some day when I have a vacation—next summer perhaps—after Whiteaker, Gardner and all of the Democratic nominees are elected and sworn in, I may take time to read all that 30 page letter. And when I add four more pages to the Courier to accommodate the advertising that crowded out Asquint's article and of which he so bitingly complains, I may take some of the boys into my confidence and let them read the letter, and we may even make up a "pony purse" and pay for inserting the letter as an advertisement. And I may even invite even a more caustic criticism from Asquint. I may even tell him what a piker he is! In time I have been accused by my enemies of treason, voting for Harding murder, putting water in my whisky (not guilty,) mahem, belonging to the Louisville police force, hitting a girl's neck (guilty and glad of it), living in Chicago, arson, praising Senator Lodge, counterfeiting and publishing anonymous communications.

Asquint, good bye. While it might be amusing to wade through your diarrhea of words and your constipation of ideas, life is too short and time too precious to be spent in that way. Possibly Asquint, when he gets the grinch out of him that is caused by the success of the Democratic nominees, will embrace a nobler theme and discover himself in the world as the genius he thinks he is—

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

Or, perchance he views me as Caesar looked upon Cassius when he said:

"Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

We give you a commission on subscriptions.



Salmon P. Chase



As a farmer boy hesaved his money and got an education.

Then he taught school, became United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury in President Lincoln's cabinet, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

There is no limit to the big achievements that can grow out of small savings in the beginning. If your ambition goes no further than marriage, home, children, education for the children, a happy old age, it will require money.

Deposit a part of your earnings regularly in this bank. Be thus insured against want, and be ready to grasp opportunity for profitable investment. Success comes rarely in any other way.

Multiply your money in our care.  
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Resources, over ..... 400,000.00

THE GROWING BANK.

We Pay 4 per cent on Time Deposits.

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Get that pipe-party-bee buzzing in your smoke-section! Know for a fact what a joy 'us jimmy pipe can and will do for your peace and content! Just check up the men in all walks of life you meet daily who certainly get top sport out of their pipes—all aglow with fragrant, delightful, friendly Prince Albert!

And, you can wager your week's wad that Prince Albert's quality and flavor and coolness—and its freedom from bite and parch (cut out by our exclusive patented process)—will ring up records in your little old smokemeter the likes of which you never before could believe possible!

You don't get tired of a pipe when it's packed with Prince Albert! Paste that in your hat!

And, just between ourselves! Ever dip into the sport of rolling 'em? Get some Prince Albert and the makin's papers—quick—and cash in on a cigarette that will prove a revelation!



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By R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem,  
N. C.

## PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

### THE CLAN CALL.

(Continued from page two.)

get it from me!"  
"I don't want it from you."  
Dale turned and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyster made him very angry now, and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver on his hip. Goff was about to sidestep in the laurels, when Dale caught him roughly by the arm.

"See here," he said sharply, "you've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this coal at any price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for you. To be plain, I'm pretty apt to thrash you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Goff went off laughing wickedly. "Oh, all right, Dale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Bill Dale had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of a heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do ye know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.  
"They've stolen our dynamite from the tobacco-barn, and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building; also they've blown up the big trestle near the siding," Dale answered.

"At's my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half hour Dale and Hayes, Major Bradley, and the menfolk of the Morelands and the Littlefords had gathered around the wreck of the two big, unfinished frame buildings. Dale blamed himself much for having left dynamite unguarded in the tobacco-barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said when he had viewed the jumbled mass of broken planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to stalwart Luke Moreland.

"You get on my horse and ride to Cartersville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get the best posse in the world right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley, "it's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had nothing to do with this; he is shrewd enough to know that a thing like this would cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Balls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff's knowing anything about it. I'd have Sheriff Flowers arrest several of the Balls and several of the Torreys, and try to scare them into turning state's evidence to save themselves."

The major finished in a low tone, because of the probability for eavesdroppers, and in this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Dale decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning, but they were to fire no shot unless it was in defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

(This interesting and thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Courier. If you are not already a subscriber send in \$1.50 and have your name put on the list.)

H. V. Nickell Ed Day

### ANNOUNCEMENT



Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:

"We are making another reduction in the price of Ford cars and the Ford truck, effective Sept. 2. The new prices average \$70.00 under former prices, and are the lowest at which Ford cars and trucks have ever been sold. List prices, F. O. B. Detroit are now as follows:

	New Price	Old Price	Amt. reduction
Chassis	\$295	\$345	\$50
Runabout	325	370	45
Touring Car*	355	415	60
Truck	445	495	50
Coupe	595	695	100
Sedan	660	750	100

\*Without Starter.

"This is the third price cut during the past twelve months. On September 22, 1920, the price of the Ford touring car was reduced from \$575 to \$440; June 7th to \$415, and now to \$355, making total reductions in this type of \$220, or 38 per cent. The same proportionate reductions have been made in all other types. One year ago the price of the Ford sedan was \$975; today it lists at \$660 with the same equipment.

"We are taking advantage of every known economy in the manufacture of our products in order that we may give them to the public at the lowest possible price, and by doing that, we feel that we are doing the one big thing that will help this country into more prosperous times. People are interested in prices and are buying when prices are right.

"The production of Ford cars and trucks for August again broke all previous high records with the total reaching 117,696. This is the fourth consecutive month in which our output has gone over the hundred thousand mark, the total of the four months being 463,074, which has gone a long way in making possible the present reductions. June this year, with an output of 117,247 was the previous record month.

"One noteworthy feature of our sales is the increased demand for Ford trucks and cars for salesmen. This class of commercial business has been gradually increasing the past sixty days and we interpret it as a very good sign of improvement in general business.

"No reduction has been made in the price of the Fordson tractor, and none is contemplated."

Go over these new prices! See how little it costs to become the owner of a Ford car or a Ford truck. Can you really afford to do without one any longer?

Let us tell you more about it, and advise you regarding the delivery of the particular type of car in which you are interested.

NICKELL'S MOTOR CO.

West Liberty,

Kentucky.

## Legal Blanks for Sale at This Office

For information in regard to fine Scioto county, Ohio blanks, see M. L. Ball, Cracker, Ky.

Deeds and mortgages for sale at the Courier office.



## CARDUI HELPED REGAIN STRENGTH

Alabama Lady Was Sick For Three Years, Suffering Pain, Nervous and Depressed—Read Her Own Story of Recovery.

Paint Rock, Ala.—Mrs. C. M. Stegall, of near here, recently related the following interesting account of her recovery: "I was in a weakened condition. I was sick three years in bed, suffering a great deal of pain, weak, nervous, depressed. I was so weak, I couldn't walk across the floor; I had to lay and my little ones do the work. I was almost dead. I tried every thing I heard of, and a number of doctors. Still I didn't get any relief. I couldn't eat, and slept poorly. I believe if I hadn't heard of and taken Cardui I would have died. I bought six bottles, after a neighbor told me what it did for her.

"I began to eat and sleep, began to gain my strength and am now well and strong. I haven't had any trouble since. I am sure can testify to the good that Cardui did me. I don't think there is a better tonic made and I believe it saved my life."

For over 40 years, thousands of women have used Cardui successfully, in the treatment of many womanly ailments.

If you suffer as these women did, take Cardui. It may help you, too. At all druggists.

## O. M. OAKLEY DENTIST

WEST LIBERTY, KY  
Offices over Nickell Garage  
All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.



### DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For State Senator—  
**DR. J. D. WHITEAKER**  
For Circuit Judge—  
**D. W. GARDNER**  
For Commonwealth's Attorney—  
**G. C. ALLEN**  
For Representative—  
**C. C. MAY**  
For County Judge—  
**JAS. V. HENRY**  
For County Attorney—  
**LYNN B. WELLS**  
For County Court Clerk—  
**E. M. WILLIAMS**  
For Circuit Court Clerk—  
**J. D. LYKINS**  
For Sheriff—  
**D. H. PERRY**  
For Jailor—  
**JOHN A. FAIRCHILD**  
For Tax Commissioner—  
**A. F. BLEVINS**  
For Justice of the Peace  
1st Dist.—**J. C. TERRELL**,  
2nd Dist.—**E. W. DAY**,  
3rd Dist.—**W. C. BLACK**,  
4th Dist.—**RANEY HAMILTON**.  
For Constable  
1st Dist.—**J. L. LYKINS**,  
2nd Dist.—**CORBET MCKINNEY**,  
3rd Dist.—**CLAY CASKEY**,  
4th Dist.—**S. J. WRIGHT**.

We give you a commission on subscriptions.

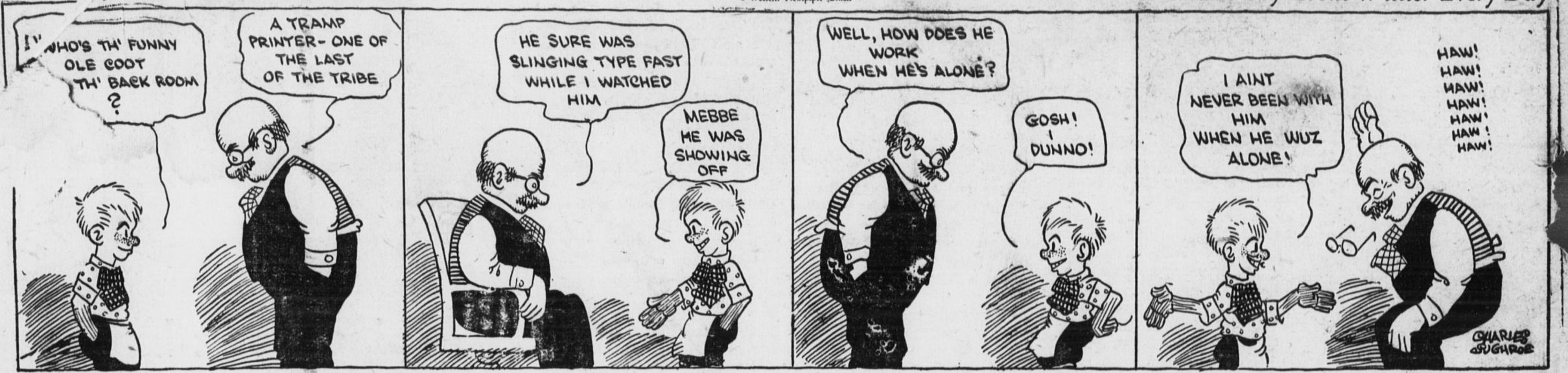
## First National Bank

JACKSON, KY.  
RESOURCES.....OVER \$700,000.00  
Sound, Safe and Conservative  
We pay 4 per cent on time deposits  
Money to loan on approved security  
**CHAS. TERRY, President,**  
**BEN C. SEWELL, Cashier.**

**ALLIE WEAVER,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
ZAG, KY.  
Practices in all the courts of the Commonwealth. Collections specialty.

**E. SKEIN**  
JACKSON, KY  
Electric Shoe Repair Shop  
We Fix Them  
While You Wait  
Parcel Post orders are given  
Prompt Attention.  
Give us a trial.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

## MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



## GOSSIP BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THAT MAY OR MAY NOT INTEREST YOU

MALEONE

(Left out last week.)  
The barn of S. H. Lykins, of this place, burned Sunday night. There was a considerable lot of hay burned besides some harness and saddles. The cause of the fire is unknown.

A. J. Lykins left Tuesday to be at the bedside of his son, George, who was working at Steubenville, Ohio. Mr. Lykins was working in a steel plant and got too hot. He was brought to a hospital at Lexington, and it is said his condition is serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Paris Helton and children, of Middletown, Ohio, came in last week to make Morgan county their utero home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Byrd, who have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Barker, the past month returned to their home at Hardburly Tuesday.

Wm. Lykins, of Middletown, O., visited relatives here last week.

R. B. BARKER.

DINGUS

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Conley visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Fannin, of Crockett, Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bailey are at Dry Ridge Springs undergoing treatment.

Columbus Bradley is confined to his bed with rheumatism.

J. E. Bradley is selling his entire stock of goods and is contemplating moving to Irvine or Huntington.

Uncle Elliott Williams has returned from an extended visit with relatives in Boyd county.

M. F. Conley and M. C. Bradley returned last week from the Enterprise Association in Greenup county. The next Association will be held at Martha church at Jephtha.

An important change in the public road is being made on the Middle Fork on the farm owned by the widow of the late Henry Day.

Elders W. L. Gevedon, of Grassy Creek, and Van Williams, of Relief, are billed in a union meeting here, beginning on Friday before the first Saturday in October.

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which please send the Courier to Mrs. VIOLET.

(Editor's note—The Courier is mailed each week to Relief and why it does not reach there is one of the mysteries of the postoffice system. Thanks Violet, for the subscription, and more for the words of praise for the paper. We will investigate and see if we can learn the reason for the non-arrival of the Relief bundle of Couriers.)

PEKIN

Eld. Kelly Ferguson filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Murphy, who has been ill, is some better.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Rose were visiting relatives here Tuesday.

Carma and Ben McGuire spent Saturday night with their sister, Mrs. Volney Cox; at Elder.

Madeline McGuire spent Saturday night with Miss Hazel Little and attended church Sunday.

Carrie Pieratt and Florence Halsey were the guests of Rev. Harlan Murphy and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Haves were the guests of Rev. Harlan Murphy Sunday.

Mrs. A. J. Combs and little daughter Thelma, visited Mrs. W. T. Watson Thursday.

Miss Edna Barker spent Thursday night with I. H. Ferguson and family. Carma McGuire was the guest of Miss Ethel Murphy Tuesday night.

Boe McGuire, who has been in Illinois for some time, is home again. We are sure glad of his return.

SNOWDROP.

MAYTOWN & GREASY

Mrs. Bet Ward and Mrs. Lee Maxey who have been visiting their brother Aleck Maxey, returned to their home at Middletown Thursday.

Rollin Carpenter and family, of Camargo, spent the week end with the former's sister, Mrs. T. G. Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Omer, were the guests of their daughters, Mesdames M. W. Pieratt, Manford Elin and J. M. Rowland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ward and children, Edith and Carl, of Pekin, spent Saturday night with Will Sweeney and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Debusk, of Dehart, were the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Saturday night.

Miss Iva Pieratt was the guest of Ira and Opal Sexton, of Flat Gap, from Friday until Monday.

Messdames Taylor Hatton, Luther Dennis and Price Hatton made a trip to Mt. Sterling Friday.

Roy Rowland made a business trip to Morehead Saturday.

Henry Nickell sold his farm to Wood Cull and purchased a farm of Clifford Bryant, both on Blackwater.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bryant and children, of Dennison, made a call on Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rowland Friday.

Mrs. Nan Ward spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Will Easterling, of Ebon, who is in bad health.

Brek Arnett left Friday for Middletown, where he will work awhile.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Little and children attended the camp meeting near Campton Sunday.

The singing school conducted by Messrs. Brahamfield and Kash, will close Sunday.

Mrs. Bob Hampton has been very ill for a few days but is now improving.

JUNE.

WHIGLEY

We were sorry to learn that the boyish pranks of three sixty year old boys were reenacted at the Walsh reunion when three of the party couldn't stand the temptation of the watermelon any longer.

The Baptists failed to hold church here through some misunderstanding, or supposed orders of the school authorities to lock the doors of the school house against church people.

The school at Redwine gave a free treat on last Friday with about one hundred and twenty-five cones of ice cream, finished up with a spelling and arithmetic match.

Five of the citizens of Redwine have signed a petition asking the privilege of holding church in the school house. We think it a dirty shame that the church going people are held responsible for the delinquency of the desperadoes who shoot and break out the window panes in the school house.

AGRICOLA.

INSCO

(Left out last week.)

Mr. and Mrs. Dock Stamper, of Bonny, went last week with his sister, Mrs. J. F. Haynes.

Elmer McCarty, who is teaching in Perry county, spent a few days with

## The Cash Store News.

H. L. HENRY, Editor in Chief.

MOTTO: SERVICE

Subscription Free.

VOL. 1

INDEX, KY., THURSDAY, SEPTEMAER 22, 1921.

No 1

EDITORIAL.

The "Cash Store News" is started to fill a want in the merchandise business. The quality of goods we handle and the low prices we charge are real news—store news. From week to week we will give you the news of the things you have to buy and by reading the "CASH STORE NEWS" regularly you will save many dollars per year. In it, too, you will find from time to time suggestions that will be helpful to you in your business.

This is an advertisement, of course, but it will interest you in that you will be kept informed of the lowest prices that good merchandise can be bought. Call in and see us when in index. We will be glad to see you whether you buy anything or not. Come in anyway.

H. L. HENRY, Editor.

Store News.

Mr. Frank Lewis, from Licking River, came in and bought a nice bill of paint this week. Mr. Lewis knows a good thing when he sees it. Our Certain-teed Paints are certain to please.

"It ain't a bad idea, in the boss business, anyway, to be willing to let the other fellow make a dollar once in a while."—David Harum.

Mostly Fun.

1st small boy—Give me your apple core.  
2nd small boy—There ain't going to any core.

Be sure your corn is ripe—then go ahead.

THE CASH STORE

H. L. HENRY

INDEX, KY

homefolk last week and reports that his school is progressing nicely.

Mrs. Laura B. Hollon and Mrs. Mary Brown, of Franklin, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Stricklin this week.

D. M. Vest went to Cincinnati Friday on business.

Hugh Armstrong has sold his store to Jim Bandy, of Epsom, who will continue the business at this place. We understand that Mr. Armstrong will go in business again somewhere near Hazard.

J. H. Stricklin left yesterday for Winchester on business.

Miss Trenna Anderson left Thursday for Perry county to take charge of the school at Tribby. We wish her success with her school work.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Craft, of Hendricks, who have been at Hot Springs, Arkansas, for treatment, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James McCarty. We are glad to know that they were both improved very much in health by their stay at that place.

Clayton Stricklin made a business trip to Jackson last week.

Misses Ressler and Esther Arnett attended the Union meeting at Rosefork Sunday, and report a very enjoyable time.

GWENDOLYN.

CANEY

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Abner, of Middletown, Ohio, are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Gilla A. Watson.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Watson and daughter, Venus, motored to Winchester the last of the week for a few days visit.

Mrs. J. L. Arnett is spending a few days with her daughters, Mesdames W. C. Peyton and Jas. Terrell, at Ravenna.

Mrs. J. H. Stinson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. B. F. Taulbee, at Taulbee.

Mrs. Chester Williams spent a few days last week with her husband, who is working at Jeff.

Curtis Frisly, who has been in Cincinnati for the past few weeks, is back home again.

Burtel Watson, of Heiner, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Gilla A. Watson. While here he purchased the property of Curt Benton, who bought the property of Jeff Adams, below town.

Mrs. John H. Patrick and daughter, Miss Mae, of Ashland, visited relatives at Cincinnati last week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Stamp are moving to the property recently purchased of Neal Frisly.

Mrs. Whitl, widow of Smith Whitl, of Caddo, Okla., visited her father-in-law, T. J. Whitl, the last of the week. Her son, Rex B., who accompanied her here, left for his home Saturday.

George Vance, who has been dangerously ill, is thought to be improving.

E. C. Whitl attended the funeral of Elmer McCarty, who was killed in France, Perry county, spent a few days with

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